



Los Angeles Sunday Times

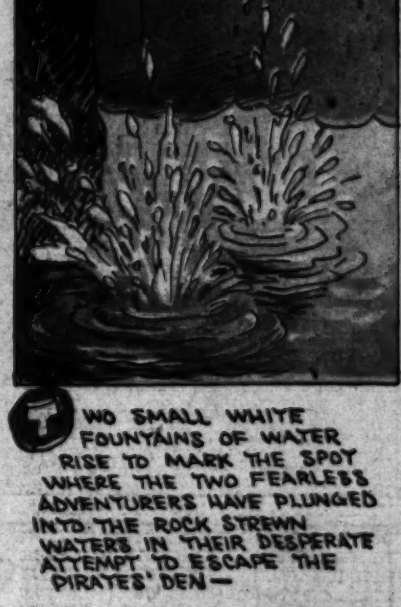
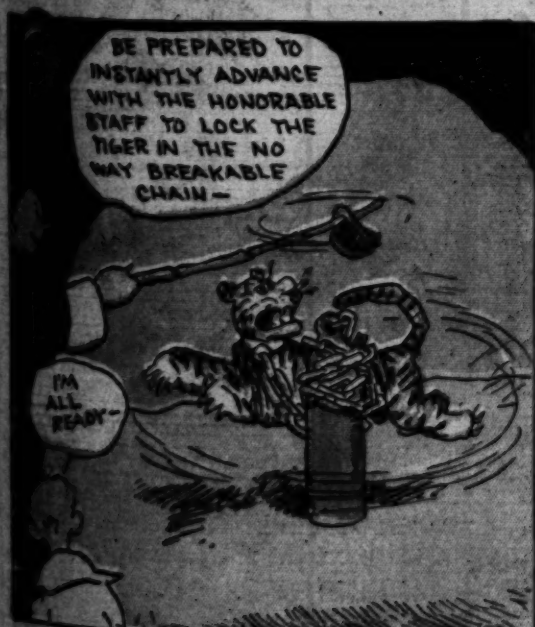
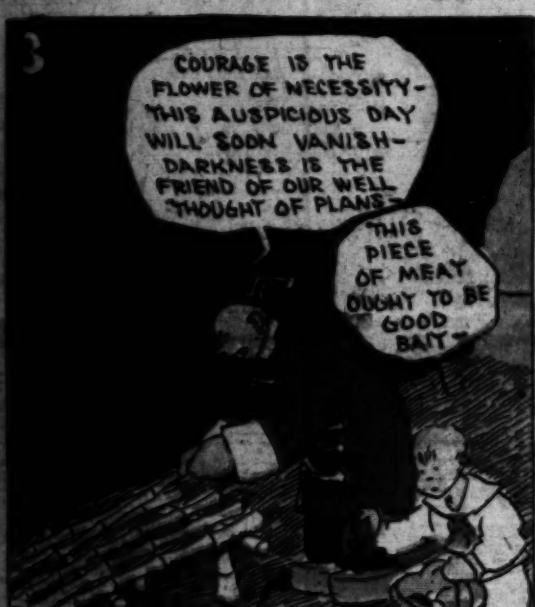
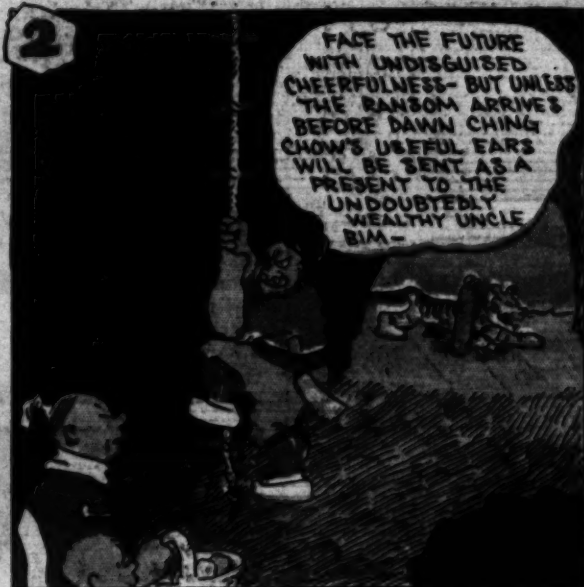
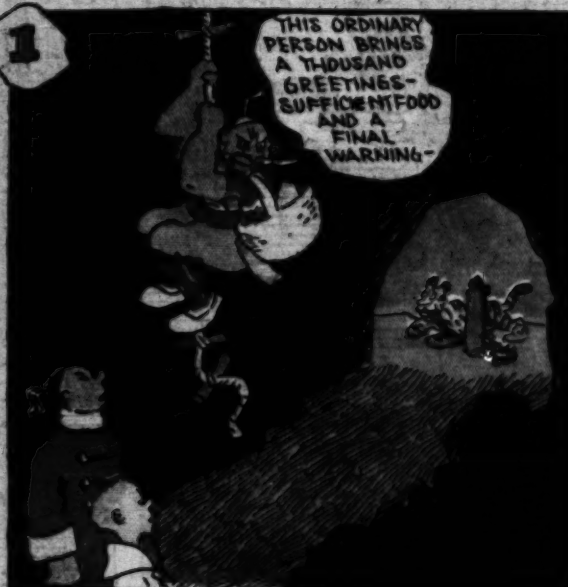


SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1928.

HUMOR Fun for the Young Smiles for Their Elders



THE GUMPS.
MORPHOSED IN A ROCKY CAVE WITH A FEROCIOUS TIGER ON GUARD BEFORE ITS ONLY ENTRANCE - THE FEARLESS CAPTIVES REFUSE TO GIVE UP HOPE - WHILE THE CRUEL WANG TI AND HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY BAND OF PIRATES CONTINUE TO SEEK A RANSOM OF \$100,000. FOR THE CAPTIVES' RELEASE FROM CHESTER'S GRIEF STRICKEN UNCLE BIM -

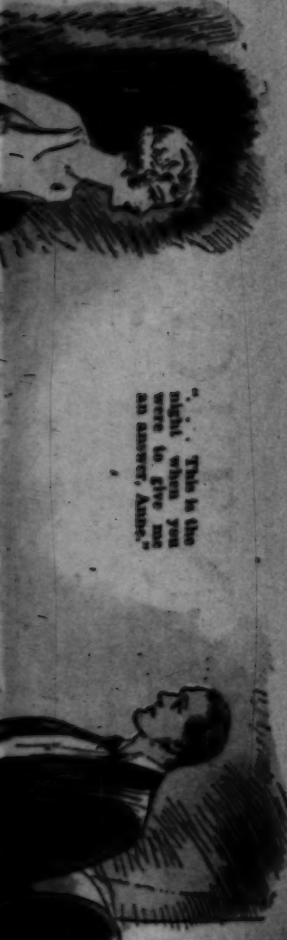


ATLANTIC MOONLIGHT

By STEPHEN MOREHOUSE
AVERY

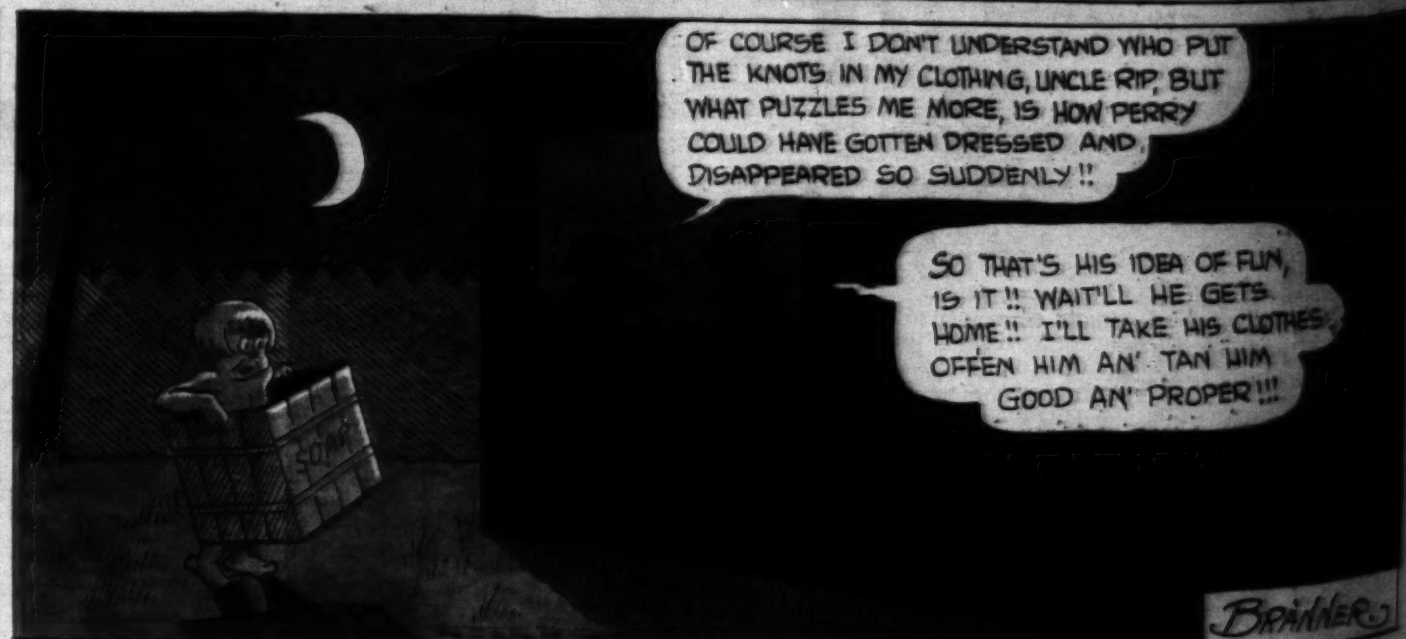
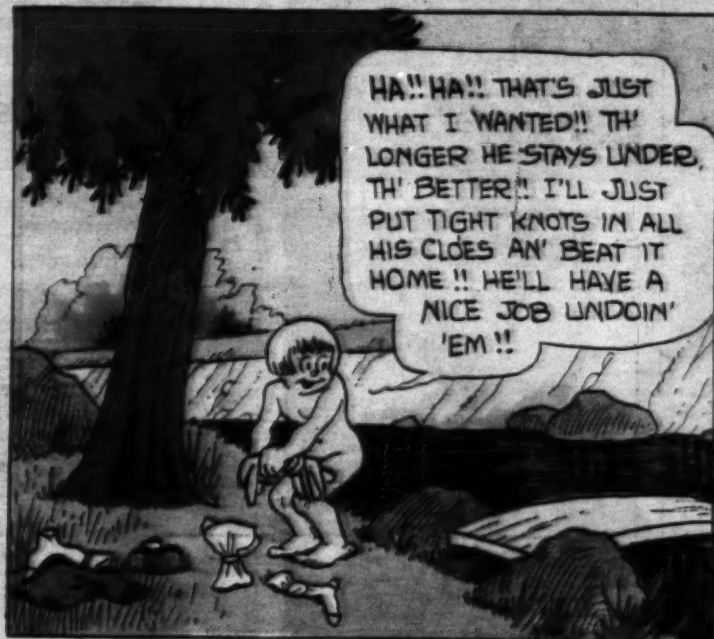
She Wanted to Marry Money,
and This Girl Was Very Rich

He told her: "Julian Thompson, we have many mutual friends..."



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WINNIE WINKLE



I'VE ASKED A THOUSAND TIMES THE PLANTS, SCREEN DOOR, OTHER LITTLE THINGS YOU MUST READ YOU CERTAINLY GREAT HELP HERE - A BIG YOU ARE -

GOSH I FEEL I DON'T KNOW FELT BETTER A GOOD SCOUT GOING TO BE HER... I'M G APOLOGIZE SO ROUGH WITH LAST EVENING BLESS HER -

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU ANYWAY?

YOU DIDN'T ENJOY ICE FAN AS I TO - A NICE M

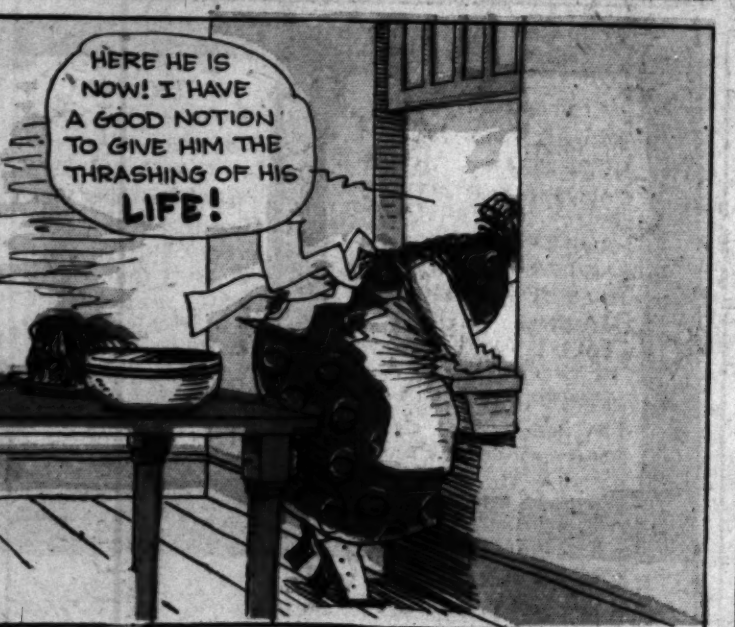
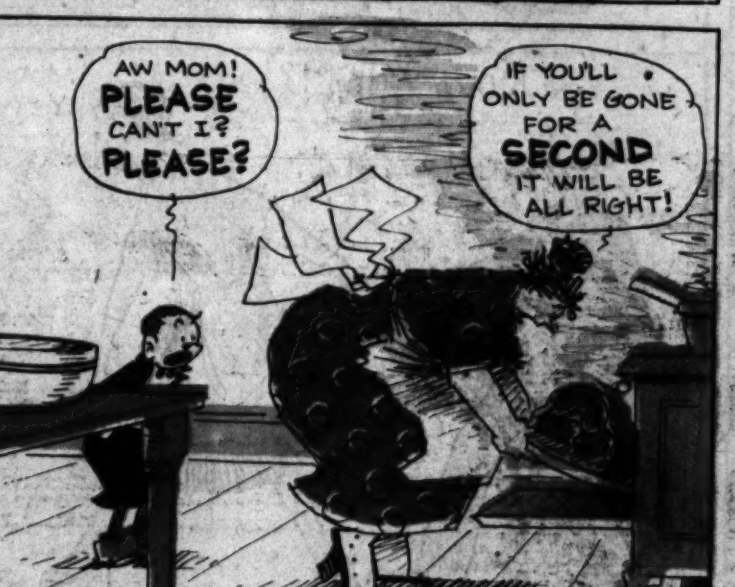
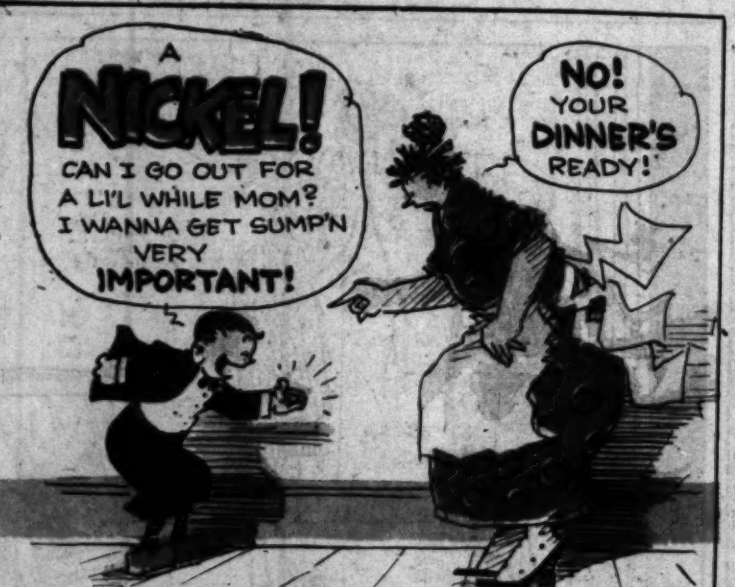
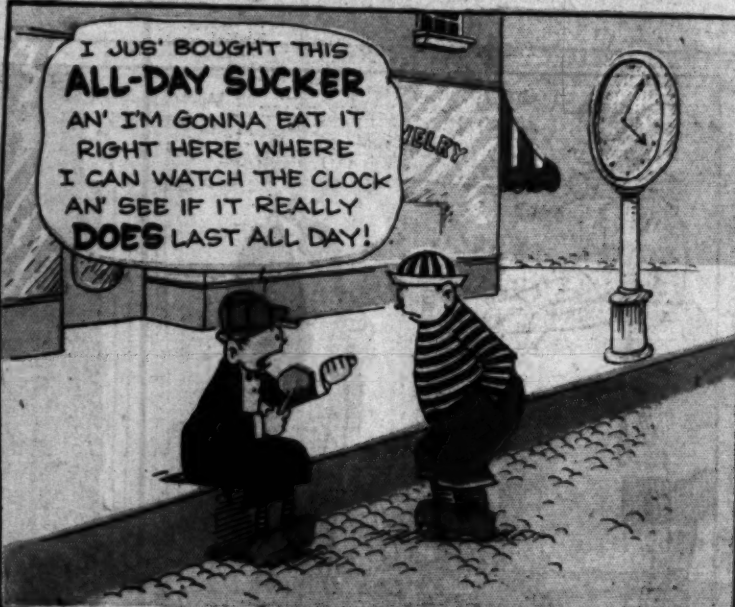


WHY DO YOU LIKE DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME THE BEST?

'CAUSE IT GIVES ME AN EXTER HOUR ON THE ALL-DAY SUCKERS!

Regular Fellers

by Gene Byrnes



The Junior Times

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, JULY 15, 1928

REASONS MUST
THIS DIAGRAM
REPRESENTS AN
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN
TOMB WHEN PHARAOH
FORGOTTEN WITH
LIES BURIED WITH
HIS VAST TREASURES

H. T. Conner, Jr., Submitted This Prize-Winning Cover Design



YEOH!!! ANOTHER LETTER FROM
AUNT DOLLY. BOY - ITS RED LETTER
DAY FOR ME WHEN I GET ONE OF
THOSE BLUE LETTERS FROM
HER.

HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

Chapter 73—The Story of Antony and Cleopatra.

By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD



THIS DIAGRAM REPRESENTS AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOMB WHERE A FORGOTTEN PHARAOH LIES BURIED WITH HIS LAST TREASURE.

HOW CAN YOU REACH THE SECRET PASSAGES AND TREASURE CHAMBER?



I'M WAITING FOR JIMMIE! HE WAS TO BE RIGHT BACK AND HE'S BEEN GONE FOR OVER AN HOUR!

1. AFTER SLAYING MANY OF THEIR PRIVATE ENEMIES IN ROMES, ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS WENT TO MACEDONIA WHERE THEY CRUISED THE ARMY OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS AT THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI (IN 42 B.C. BRUTUS AND CASSIUS COMMITTED SUICIDE.)

2. BRUTUS LOST HIS INFLUENCE AND ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS AGREED TO DIVIDE THE ROMAN WORLD BETWEEN THEM. ANTONY WAS TO RULE THE PROVINCES IN THE EAST OCTAVIUS THOSE IN THE WEST.

3. ANTONY, UPON ARRIVING IN EGYPT, MET THE COMBINED FLEETS OF CLEOPATRA AND ANTONY AND DEFEATED THEM IN A GREAT BATTLE AT ACTIUM. EARLY IN THE FIGHT CLEOPATRA BECAME FRIGHTENED AND FLED WITH HER SQUADRON. OCTAVIUS WAS NOW THE SOLE MASTER OF THE ROMAN WORLD. LONG YEARS OF CIVIL WAR HAD ENDED. THE REPUBLICAN ERA OF ROMAN RULING AS WITH OCTAVIUS RULING AS EMPEROR, AUGUSTUS ASSUMED THE TITLE OF AUGUSTUS. AUGUSTUS REFORMED AND DURING HIS LONG REIGN OF 45 YEARS, THE ROMAN EMPIRE PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

4. LEONORA CAME TO TARSUS WITH GREAT POPE IN A GILDED GALLEY AND ANTONY, INSTEAD OF BRUING HER TO TRIAL, FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH HER. WHEN CLEOPATRA RETURNED TO EGYPT, ANTONY WENT WITH HER.

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1. IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, ANTONY NEGLECTED THE BUSINESS OF THE REPUBLIC AND SPENT HIS TIME IN BUSINESS AT THE EGYPTIAN COURT. HE PROMISED HIS WIFE, CLEOPATRA'S SISTER, SO THAT HE MIGHT MARRY CLEOPATRA, AND HAVE THE LATTER'S SONS HIS HEIRS.

2. ANTONY RECEIVED A FALSE REPORT THAT CLEOPATRA WAS DEAD. ANTONY STABBED HIMSELF BUT DID NOT DIE AT ONCE. LEARNING THAT THE QUEEN STILL LIVED, HE HAD HIMSELF CARRIED TO HER, AND DIED AT HER FEET.

3. OCTAVIUS INSISTED THAT CLEOPATRA MUST GO TO ROME. THE PAIR EGYPTIAN KNEW THAT OCTAVIUS INTENDED TO MAKE HER MARCH AS A SLAVE IN HIS TRIUMPH. - DURING THIS DISGRACE, SHE DECIDED TO KILL HERSELF.

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IF YOU SAVE THIS PAGE EACH WEEK YOU WILL HAVE A COMPLETE HISTORY OF MAN.

Another Page in This Series Next Sunday. Save Them! They Will be Valuable in Your School Work, as Well as for Home Study



See Article Below on What T.J.C. Branch Clubs Are Doing!

SEEK UNCROWNED SOUTHLAND HEROES

STORIES WANTED OF BOYS AND
GIRLS WHO TRIUMPHED
OVER OBSTACLES

BY AUNT DOLLY

I once heard an old sailor remark: "Ten ships could sink and 100 men find a watery grave, and I'll wager you the thick end of a rope, that only a handful of people would grieve."

I shall remember him for many years. He was a swarthy man, flannel-shirted, smelling of the briny deep, and his eyes were small as burnt holes in a blanket. When this conversation took place, we were sitting in a "chowder house" on Fisherman's Wharf, and although he spoke sparingly at long intervals, I could see this rough sea-dog knew life.

"It's funny," he continued, "how busy this world is. It never notices anything. Joy, sorrow, death, make but a pin-prick impression upon us. Yet I think we are missing something when we fail to dig into the unusual, interesting things of life."

This dark-skinned tar spoke the truth. We don't seem to care a whoop or a fragment of a whoop for even national disaster or success. We read a ten-point head, and if 500 lives are lost in a mine, we raise our brows and say "Too bad. Somebody botched things. Now let me see, where shall we have dinner." And so it goes, the endless personal quest, the day that is reserved for self and selfishness.

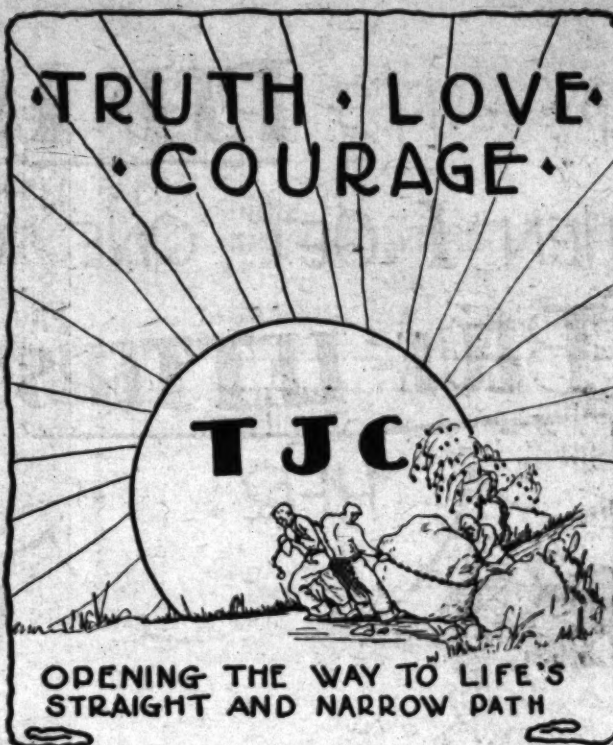
So far we have proved this fact when launching contests. We threw our gauntlet into the face of the world, with an appeal for human, blood-stirring stories of deserving youth. We are striving to shove to the front the forlorn, discouraged hero who has conquered his problems with a grin. It is not the over-brilliant prodigy that holds our interest, rather Timothy Jones—perhaps the boy you look at each morning, sweeping out the corner grocery store.

A hasty glance might disclose the fact that Tim was a spare, bony boy, seldom smiling but working hard. "No story there," you say. "Romance does not stalk beside a broom; there is no fight, no hero in this quiet unassuming boy who goes to bed at 11 and rises at 5."

I knew such a case in San Francisco, and the paleness of the boy's face, the shadows beneath his eyes made me question him one day. I found his father was dead, his mother making \$18 a week in a laundry. There were five other brothers and sisters, and Tim was thoroughly determined they should have an education, so he worked ceaselessly, without comment, for over six long years. They were odd jobs to be sure, an early paper route, mixing sodas, sweeping out stores, cleaning ovens, washing windows, clipping lawns. In one day Tim would do as many as four dif-

(Continued on Page 7)

APPLE-SAUCE



Prize-Winning Drawing by Roy Edward Boody, Galveston, Tex.

WHAT BRANCH CLUBS ARE DOING

Morenci, Ariz., is preparing for a big shoo-bang in the fall. "Watch Our Dust" is going to be their favorite slogan.

Larose (La.) invites them to outdo them in spirit, membership, activity. Fun is brewing!

Whittier is to have a whiz-bang branch conducted by Madeline Todd. Things will be humming in no time at all.

Ruth Jenkins is bubbling with enthusiasm. She has founded and conducted our Santa Ana chapter.

"The California Arrows" has come to life through the efforts of Simon Kvitzky, who has established a T.J.C. branch on North Soto street. Anna Mae Smith is stirring up a lot of fun in Needles.

Pansy Darling promises to turn Parker Canyon, Ariz., upside down when her branch starts up full blast. Betty Binkley, Bob Depew and Bert Le Croy are handling our Eagle Rock division. Talk about pep! Whoopie, cowboy! Our red and white surely rules in Eagle Rock.

Norman Aitken, Warren Bennett, Patty and Pauline Armstrong have gone over the top with flags flying. Their Riverside branch is 100 per cent solid.

Marjorie Biggs is conducting a red-hot campaign in Redlands. Clara Hannaford of Los Angeles has started the ball rolling like old sixty.

Martha Voris, Rancho Santa Fe, says her work will be a life-saver this summer. We expect great things of Martha.

Adelaide Walters, Santa Barbara, is a regular fire-eater when it comes to organizing. Look out Larose, you may not hold your cup for long!

Ione Catherine Clemmer in Anaheim has done some splendid work. Keep it up Ione, we're cheering for you!

Eugene Kelly, Long Beach, live-wire, has decked the town with red and white. We're for you Eugene; keep up your good work!

Geraldine Schroth has a cracker-jack branch in New Orleans, La. Things are humming in the sunny South.

We could print ten pages of backer news, but must hold ourselves down to a minimum space,

so each week you will find more branches listed. Perhaps your name will be jutting out of this column next Sunday.

If you live in a town that lacks a representative, please write in at once, and we will see that one is appointed. Or even if you are in Los Angeles, and your district is not crimson and white, perhaps you would wish to line up as a loyal backer of the T.J.C.



OUR CORNER BOOKSHELF

THE SECRET GARDEN
By Frances Hodgson Burnett
Reviewed by Meller Hartshorn,
Pasadena

"The Secret Garden" is a sweet, simple story of a little boy who thought there was nothing to live for, and was suddenly brought to the point of realizing that he was not the only person whose desires were to be answered by Mary Lennox, who was as spoiled as her sick little cousin. "The Secret Garden" is the means of bringing a strong, healthy childhood to Mary and her cousin, Colin, and is also the way in which the two children warm the heart of Mr. Archibald Craven, the lord of Misselthwaite Manor. Dickson, a lad of the moor, teaches Mary and Colin a love of the great out-of-doors world. In every chapter there is some choice paragraph such as this:

"And over walls and earth and trees and swinging sprays and tendrils the fair green veil of tender little leaves had crept, and in the grass under the trees and the gray urns in the alcoves and here and there everywhere were touches or splashes of gold and purple and white and the trees were showing pink and snow above them and there were fluttering of wings and faint sweet pipes and humming and scents and scents. And the sun fell warm upon their faces like a hand with a lovely touch."

Is it any wonder that "The Secret Garden" is a child's best friend and that every year there comes a longing to usher in the spring with these dear Bookland playmates. Frances Hodgson Burnett has caught the charm of happy childhood in the pages of her book, and having read "The Secret Garden" once, you will go back again and again to taste its delightful illuveness.

CALIFORNIA, ITS ROMANCE AND HISTORY

By John Steven McGroarty
Reviewed by Virginia Penn, Los Angeles

A "Land of Heart's Desire" has been the dream of poets and the prophecy of seers throughout untold ages. John Steven McGroarty says that California is the realization of that dream and the fulfillment of the prophecy, and after reading his book, "California, Its History and Romance," I felt that it surely is. To those for whom history has always held a fascination, this book will be a treasure chest, but even the most ardent hater of historians, history teachers, and history in general could not fail to be thrilled, to say the least, if he would read this romantic, charming and most unhistory-like history of the land of sunshine and flowers.

Beginning with its discovery by Cabrillo in 1542, McGroarty dramatically and interestingly relates the story of the "Five Miracles" of California's romantic history: the building of the Franciscan missions in an uncivilized land; the building of the Central Pacific Railroad across the Sierra Nevada Mountains; the reclamation of the deserts by irrigation; the rebuilding of the city of San Francisco in three years after its destruction by earthquake and fire in 1906, and the Owens River Aqueduct.

His narration makes the reader live through the years gone by in the Spanish and Mexican eras and in the days of '49, and the exciting scenes of the American conquest seem almost unbelievably real. The vivid, clear descriptions of California as it is today add to the enjoyment of the reader and enable him to make interesting comparisons of past and present conditions in California.

So much of romance and story is introduced into this tale of the de-

(Continued on Page 7)



By Violet Komer, Hollywood
THE FAIRY'S GARDEN
Did you ever see a fairy's garden? Where all your wishes grow? If you make them very good, They'll come true, you know.

If you use Truth, Love and Courage, In all your wishes today, It won't be very long till you hear the fairies say:

"My, isn't this a splendid wish So very bright and strong, It isn't withered one tiny bit, Let's see where it belongs."

Of course you know fairies, And your wish will surely come true, If you use truth, love and courage, In whatever thing you may do.

THE SOURDOUGH

By Verne Cottle, Los Angeles.
When I entered the room, he closed his book.
Rising he smiled at me.
His weather-bronzed face was wreathed in smiles.
Smiles that were great to see.
When I told him my mission, he looked at the floor.
His eyes had a far-away look, Sitting back in his chair he lit a cob pipe.
"Here's my past; it reads like a book."

"I've tasted of life in many climes, I've watched them come and go, For I am one of the oldest school, School of the Sourdough."

"I've mushed my dogs, o'er Chil-koot Pass, I've crossed o'er oceans wide, I've lived in the darkest of Africa Where bushmen were wont to hide."

"I've ridden the plains of Texas, I've trapped with a French Canuck, I've been chased by wolves in Siberia, At Monte Carlo I tried my luck."

"I've mined for diamonds at Cape Horn, I've panned for gold at Nome, I hit my color; I made my stake, And now I've come back home."

His eyelids lowered; he leaned in his chair; His eyes had that far-away look, I gathered my paraphernalia up And tip-toed out of his nook.



ANIMAL LAND BOSSIP

By Louis Barbault

Freddie Mide is out gunning for the fellow who deliberately tramped in his new runway through Farmer Head's recently planted blue-grass lawn. Freddie says that it is a pretty out that a man can't peacefully go about his business without somebody sticking his nose into it.

Harken, each young Caruso!
It may pay you to do so.
For old Mr. Bullfrog is starting a school,
Down beside the rushie pool
Where the water limp flows,
Where the wild black sumac grows.
The singing school is going to be
Under the shade of a black ash tree,
Evening hours from six to nine,
Excepting when the moon don't shine.
The price is right I'm sure you'll say,
Just three bluebottle flies a day.
And when you are through, as sure as water's wet
A nice lily-pad diploma you will get.

Young Iva Howl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Coyote Howl, was apprehended last evening in Farmer Pettingill's henyard, where it is said that he was sucking eggs. He claimed that he had just drunk a pint of milk and wanted to make an omelette.

Mrs. Minnie Fieldmouse is now visiting her niece in the city. She writes that the city life is certainly lively, and that every night they have a wild party with cake, pickles, pie, and cheese galore. Better be careful, Minnie, pickles plus cake equals stomach-ache.

Willie Wessel has decided to reduce. He states that the other night he got stuck fast while trying to slip between a moon shadow and the old stonewall, and had to wait until the moon set before he could get out.

WILD FLOWERS IN POETRY

By Meller Harlaborn
VIII WINDY POPPY

A messenger of spring I come
To quiet shady dells;
A windy flame of beauty, great
Utility foretells.
My tiny seeds of use to you
In cooking, as an oil,
In painting, I can dry a thing
Quite by my ardent toil.
I'm really very delicate
So pluck me with great care,
But never throw aside my bloom
Because I'm truly rare.

NOTICE

Will Betty Adams, Dwight Crandall and Victor Langford kindly send their addresses to Aunt Dolly. We have checks waiting for them, and cannot mail them, as we have no addresses. Thank you!

ABSENT MINDED CHAMPIONS



Animal Land Bossip, By Ed Schultz



Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
Then up Jack got and off did trot,
As fast as he could caper,
To old Dame Dob, who patched his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.
Puzzle: Find Jill and old Dame Dob.

AUNT DOLLY'S OWN DIARY

March 29th: It is cold today and very dusty. The Hudson River is choppy, and the boats churning through the tiny waves flounder about like a fish in a net.
Just finished a great story on Abraham Lincoln and hope my English teacher likes it. She's so kind to anyone who likes to write, and has done me a world of good.
Had another effort accepted by Wee Wisdom in Kansas. Maybe I'll get there after all, but I wonder why I feel so bashful in school. I hate to recite, and feel as though everyone is laughing at me. When I graduate, if I ever do, I'm going to work on a newspaper. It must be wonderful fun. Every time I pass the doors of The Herald, I quiver with excitement inside. Just let me loose at one of those desks and I'll surprise the grumpest editor on earth.
I don't want to do anything but write, write, write. Of course, I love to paint and play the piano, too, but putting words together is lots more fun.
I'm going to have tea at the Plaza with Tildene this afternoon. Will wear my new blue suit and spring hat. Very smart, white straw with a black velvet band.
Everything's upside down at home. Mother still sick; a new doctor today, but he's stupid as the rest of them.
Our cook's leaving, too. Oh, joy, oh, bliss, and Norman's bringing home two friends for dinner. You'll dine on water and bread crumbs if you wait for your kid sister to produce dinner.
New York! What a funny spot you are. Fifth avenue crowded with cabs and motors, giant buildings on all sides, elevated trains roaring and thundering, subways carved through the heart of the earth. How crowded you are; how mixed up everything is!
And just when I was feeling blue this afternoon and longing to get away from everything, who should I meet but my old playmate and pal of years gone by. Last time I saw "Freckles" he was 10 and I was 8—Now I'm 14. We stood and looked at each other in the middle of Columbus avenue like a couple of wooden Indians, then came the old hug, and a million questions.
He is still set on going to some place they call Los Angeles, where the Vitagraph Company produces those cheap motion pictures. Of course, no one sees them in New York. They are run entirely in the Bowery, and I told him so, and he got mad, and the first thing we knew we had walked way up to Grant's Tomb, still arguing furiously.
He seems bent on going west, and he said he'd bet me a bad nickel I'd land up there myself.
I had to grin. We only read eighty cowboy books together, and the wild and woolly things we acted out. I was the heroine without fail, and he the heavily moustached villain who pursued me past library tables, kitchen ranges and such.
After all, I couldn't be mad at him. "Freckles" is such a dear, but gracious me, how did we both grow up so quickly? I felt almost bashful in front of him, and considering our partnership in iniquity and drama, we should be the best of friends.
Next month we will be getting ready to leave New York. Stanford for us, with the dear old green hills and the placid lake with its white birch.
I'm planning to write a book, a wonderful, glorious novel, and I'm not sure at all about "Freckles"—I think I'll put him in it.
Sunday we go to Coney Island, that is, if my brother's good nature holds out. The big scamp, he'd better not have another date.
Pat, our dog, gobbled up half a chicken and a bowl of cream and the cook was furious. She tickled me to death with her Irish brogue, and I gave Pat my hearty appreciation of his meal. He looked as well fed as the King of Siam.
We're going to get an alligator; my turtles died last week, so an alligator will be heaps of fun. Imagine raising one of those in a New York apartment.
I'm sleepy, so dear little diary, I guess I'll close your cover.
The insistent barking of Rad, a dog, at Charlemont, Mass., brought rescuers to save a drowning child.
A shetland pony owned by Jeff Kelso of Grant, Neb., shows off by running in circles as long as anybody will watch it.

Little Stories For Tiny Tots

THE TRUE NAME GIRL
By Jane Widdell, Age 13 Years,
Bewsey

"Oh, dear, will I ever reach the top?" Over and over this question ran through Ruth's little head as she climbed the stairs leading to the attic. They were long stairs, endless, they seemed to the sleepy-eyed child as she trudged wearily upward.
The darkness seemed to press against her, and the dim night light on each floor cast quivering shadows.
"I believe I'll rest awhile," she decided, and then, "No, I must go on. Grandmother said if I climbed to the attic and reached there before midnight I would see the fairies dance."
The child climbed steadily until she arrived on the third floor. Her poor little legs were so tired. It was easy to run up stairs in the daytime, but when it is dark and almost 12 o'clock and you're only 5 years of age, then it takes real courage.
"I think," she murmured doubtfully, "these fairies don't want me to see them dance for those stairs are growing longer and longer. I'm going back. A line of an old song she had heard her grandmother sing came to her mind:
"When things seem hard as
They sometimes do,
You won't give up if your
Blood's true blue."

"Well, I won't give up in spite of everything." The grandfather clock on the first floor struck midnight. Ruth could hear its chimes faintly through the darkness.
"Oh, I'm too late," she exclaimed. The darkness caught up the echoes and flung them back—"Late, late, late."
A flash of light seemed to dart past her, and then another and another, dispelling the darkness with their radiance.
In the morning they found her, fast asleep on the old stairway.
"I didn't give up till I had to," she murmured drowsily as they picked her up. "Anyway, when I didn't get there they came to me." And only the old grandmother understood.

DEDICATED TO AN OLD FIRE-PLACE
By Aurille Jacques, Riverside

You are built of stone and mortar strong. Perhaps you were not made for a thing of beauty, but surely comfort. A welcome sight always, so fear not bad friends. What could be imagined better after a long cold tramp in the woods than your roaring cheering face? In summer you will be swept clean of dust and coal, and silently await the coming of fall with its clear chilly evenings. You will then be a friend and a comfort to man. Fireplace, hold your name. May you see many winter nights, and listen to the stories told round you, enjoying them as much as the people who enjoy your light and heat.

THE TRAMP

By Evelyn G. Haselton, Westwood Hills, Los Angeles

When I say "The Tramp," most of you probably picture a very low, degrading type of person, dressed in rags covered with bright-colored patches, or something of that sort. If you do picture what I have just mentioned, you are mistaken, because I'm not going to tell about that kind of a tramp.
The tramp that I'm going to tell about comes to our back door every day. He barks and barks, till someone appears. Then he sits down and tries to look awfully tired and hungry. The first morning that he came, we let him in—great big thing that he was. We gave him a piece of bread, which he smelled and walked away from, plainly telling us that it was not nice enough for him. We then gave him a bowl of milk. This he lapped up quickly. Having finished the milk, he walked to the door. We had decided that we were going to have another pet. He scratched at the door so we let him out. He slowly strutted down the steps and laid down at the bottom of them. We came back into the house, thinking that after a while the dog would come in. About a half an hour later we went

Answers to Last Week's Riddles

Answers to riddles by George Palmer, Temacula:

- (1) Because it won't come to them.
- (2) Head on one side, tail on the other.
- (3) The faster you lick it the faster it goes.

Answer to riddle by Adolf Kover, Los Angeles:

- (1) Every married person.

Answers to riddles by Kikuko Miyakawa of Sawtelle:

- (1) Water.
- (2) A moth.
- (3) She walked over a bridge carrying a jug of water on her head.

Answer to George Wilson's riddle: Nothing.

RIDDLE CORNER

The answer to last week's "hard to guess" riddle by Martha Young of sunny Alabama is: "The chicken mite."

No wonder Uncle Riddle Rhymer chuckled in the sun and just knew the little white children would never solve that hard riddle. Today we have another for you, and it is best to pay strict attention to it, as this is the last of our series.

You remember we promised some very lovely prizes to the boy or girl who solved three riddles correctly, right in a row.
Here's our last confusing riddle: "The good Lord made the crow all black,
Black his tongue, his tail and back. Now, does any child here know What is blacker than the crow?"
Solving this will make Sunday fly by in royal fashion. Put on your thinking cap, curl up in a comfy chair, and who knows but what you may be the lucky child to win a prize.

JANE'S COOKING CORNER

Written and Illustrated by Jane E. Hall, Manhattan Beach

HERMITS

One-half cupful shortening, one cupful sugar, one egg, one-half cupful sour milk, one-half teaspoonful cloves, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, one-quarter teaspoonful soda, about one and one-third cupfuls flour, one-half cupful chopped raisins, one-half cupful chopped nuts.
Hermit's—that's a queer name for cookies, isn't it? I can't imagine why they're so-called, but I do know that they surely are good, so we'll make some today. Let's go! Get all your supplies out and put them to one side. This saves a lot of time, as you've probably found out by now. Put your apron on, and we're ready to begin. Cream the shortening till it's nice and fluffy, then add the sugar and well-beaten egg. Now, sift all your remaining dry ingredients, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and soda, with one cupful of flour several times so they will be thoroughly mixed. Do you know why we always use soda with sour milk? Well, it's because the soda counteracts, or neutralizes, the acid 'in the milk. Add your dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the butter and sugar mixture. Chop up the raisins and nuts and slightly flour them, add to the mixture and stir together. If your batter is not stiff enough now, add the rest of the flour, or enough to make it very stiff, and drop the batter from a spoon into pats about the size of a dollar onto a greased baking sheet or cookie tin. Have the cookies not less than two inches apart to allow for spreading, and bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. This recipe will make several dozen Hermits.

DID YOU COUNT THE RINGS?

There were seventy-five rings in Ed Schultz's "Capitol" drawing of last week.

(Continued on Page 7)

Just Dolly's Page Junior Club Members



Stories and More Stories, and All for Our Tiny-Tot Members!

ANIMAL LAND GOSSIP

By Louis Bouchard

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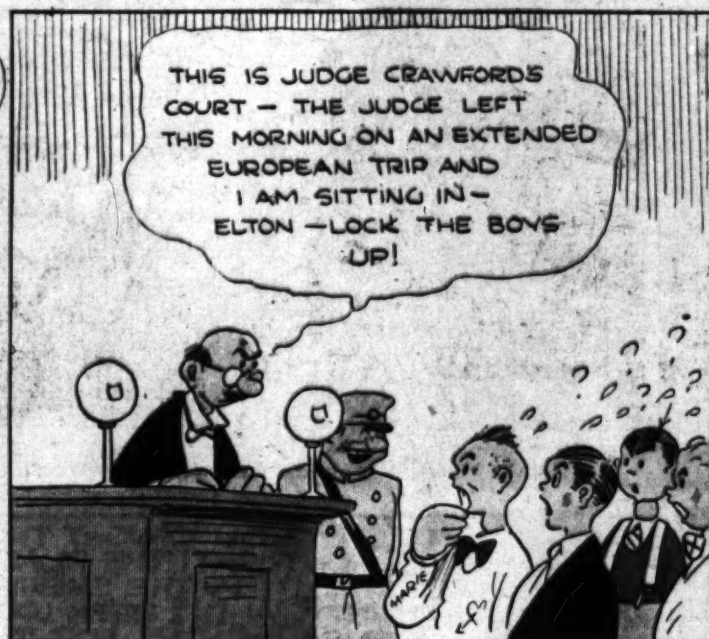
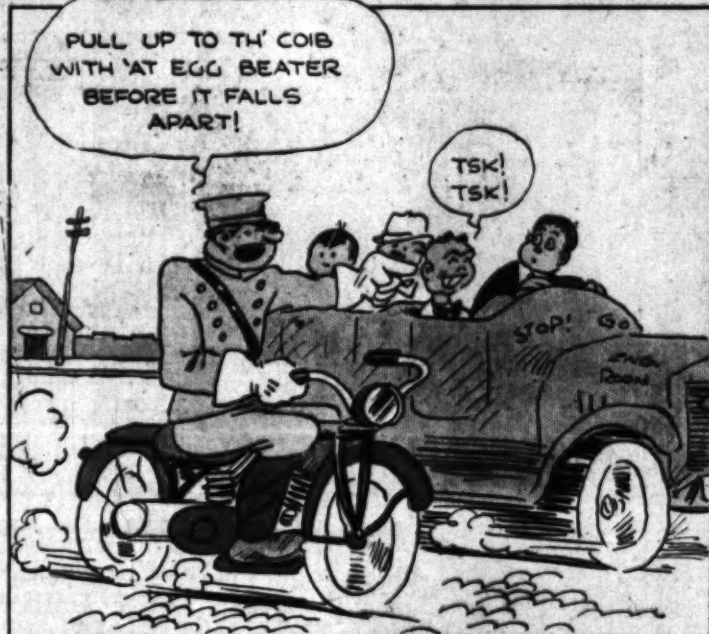
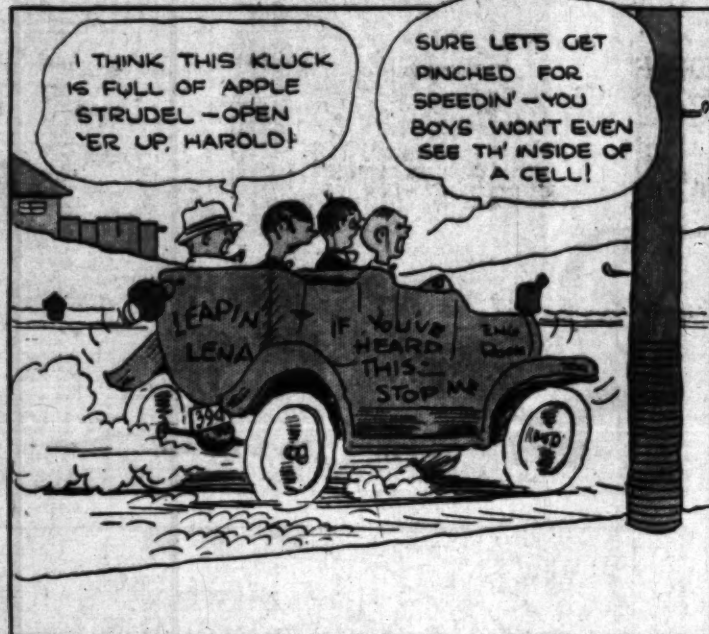
ANIMAL LAND GOSSIP

ANIMAL LAND GOSSIP

By Louis Bouchard



Harold Teen



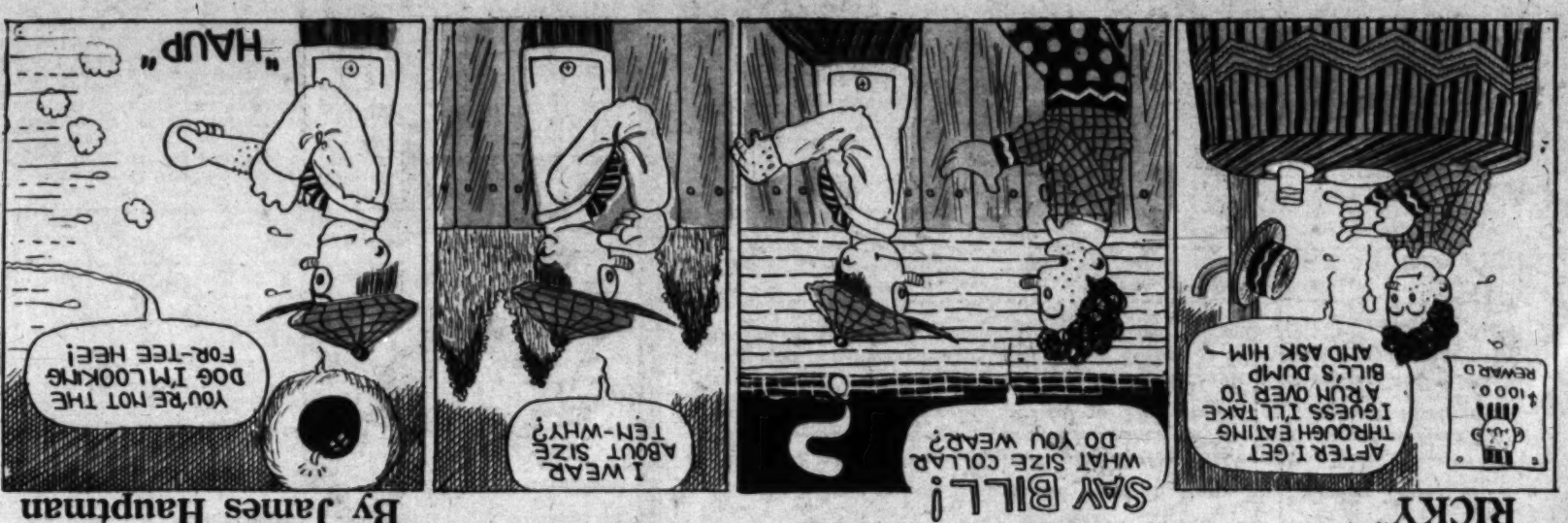
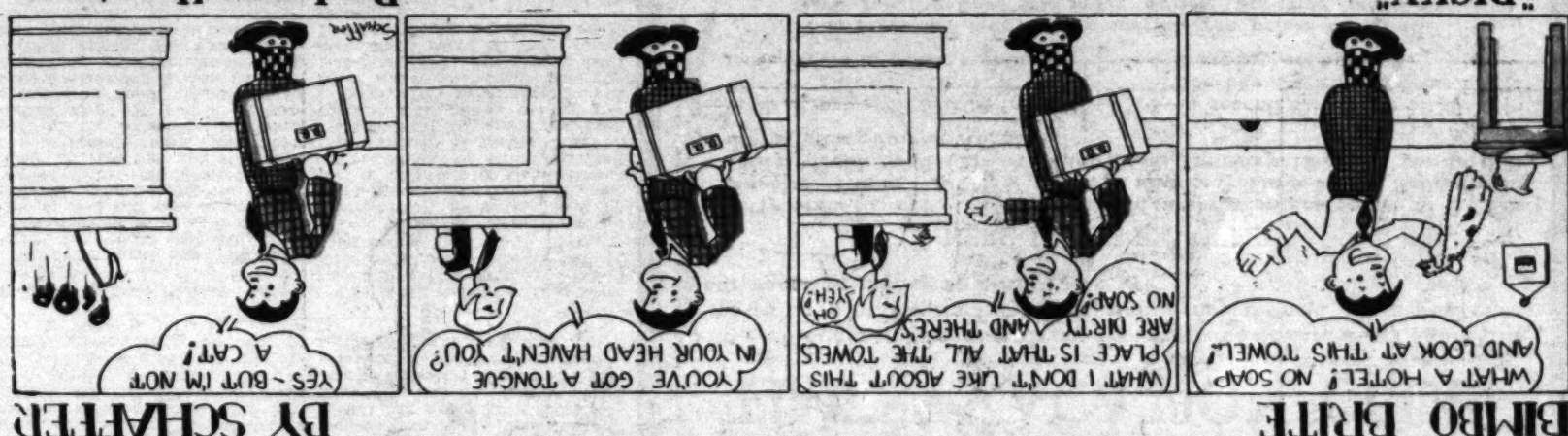
BETTY

By C.A. Voight



JULY 15, 1928





See Page 8 for More Drawings by Times Junior Club Artists

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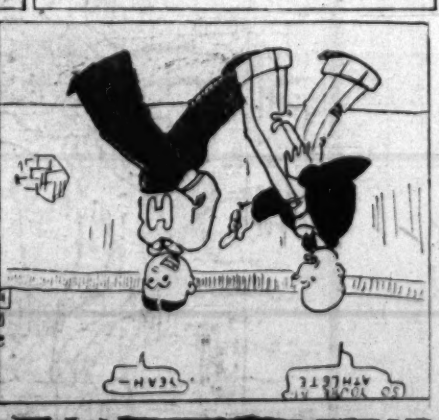



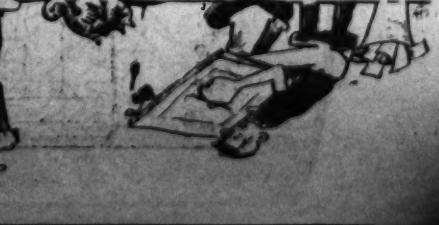
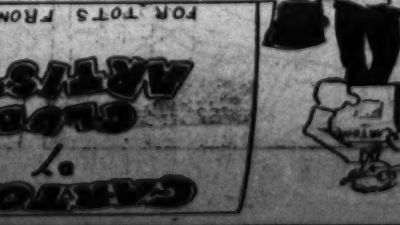
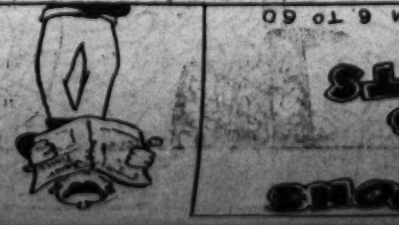











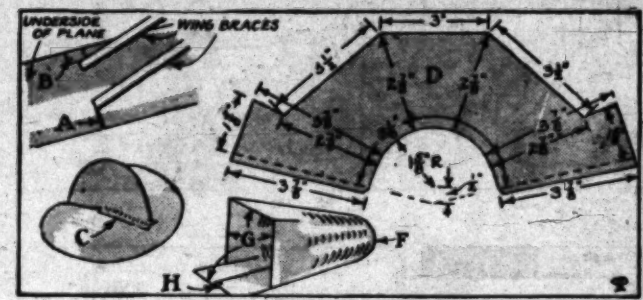


MODEL AIRPLANES THAT FLY

By PERCY PIERCE
Former Champion Model Airplane Flyer

Building the Spirit of St. Louis
Monoplane—Part 6

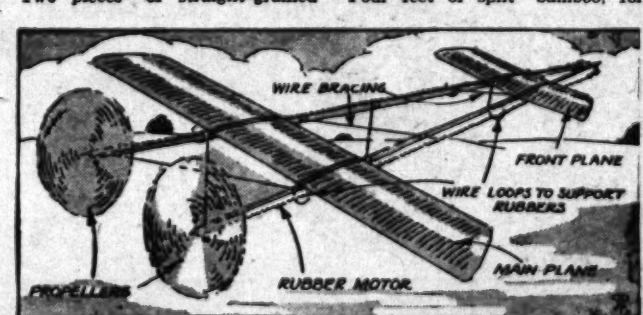
The propeller is the same size and is cut out in the same way as described in the Tractor Monoplane, No. 8. A hook is bent in one end of a 2 5-8-inch piece of the 1-16-inch steel rod for the propeller shaft. Shove the straight end through the tin nose of the fuselage from back to front, then slip the head, washer and propeller on, and bend 1/4-inch of the shaft back against the propeller. The curved edge of the propeller is the leading edge. Tie the ends of the 3-32-inch square rubber together with a square knot, and loop this between the rear hook on the motor rod and the propeller shaft to make eight strands for the rubber motor.



The entire framework of the model has been fastened together as one unit and is entirely covered with the bamboo fiber paper, except at the nose. In cutting out the paper always allow about 1-4 inch all the way around for turning over. Fasten down all edges thoroughly with the Ambroid cement and make certain the paper sticks to the struts and ties of the fuselage and the ribs of the tail and main plane. The top of the fuselage from the rear of the main plane to the front of the tail is covered first, then the underside of the main plane and tail, up to each side of the fuselage, with 1-4 inch for overlap. Where the wing and tail braces join the surface, cut the paper, as shown in A, and when the edge has been turned over cement a small piece of paper over the slit, as shown in B. The top-side of the main plane and then both sides of the vertical sides of the tail are covered next, cementing the lower edge of the latter to

Building a Long-Distance Monoplane—Part 1

With this model, above all others which have been described, it is quite essential to exercise a great deal of skill and careful workmanship in constructing it. Under normal flying conditions it will easily fly 2000 feet and stay aloft two to three minutes. The major part of the following materials, costing about \$5, should be purchased from model airplane supply houses, who carry the best for model building. This includes the wood, varnish, cement, paper and rubber. The other material can be purchased locally.



Two pieces of straight-grained silver spruce 36 inches long by 5-8x1-16 inch, for upper and lower part of wing bar of main plane.
Two pieces of straight-grained silver spruce, 36 inches long by 3-8x1-16-inch, for front and rear part of wing bar for main plane.
Two pieces of straight-grained silver spruce, 36 inches long by 1-4x1-16-inch, for front and rear edges of main plane.
Twenty feet of straight-grained silver spruce, 3-16-inch wide by 1-16-inch thick, for ribs of both planes and edges of front plane. This can be in 1-foot lengths, if desired.
Four feet of split bamboo, for ends of both planes. The slats from an old bamboo porch screen will do.
One 12-inch piece of silver spruce 3-8x1-8-inch, for wing bar of front plane.
Two sheets of clear bamboo fiber paper, for covering planes.
One geared egg-beater for winder, or the following material for geared attachment to fit on end of twist drill: 2 5-8-inch gears, 6 inches of 1-16-inch steel rod, 6 1/2 inches of 1/4x1-16-inch brass and 1 inch of 1-16-inch inside diameter brass tubing.
One spool of white linen thread,

(Continued on Page 7)

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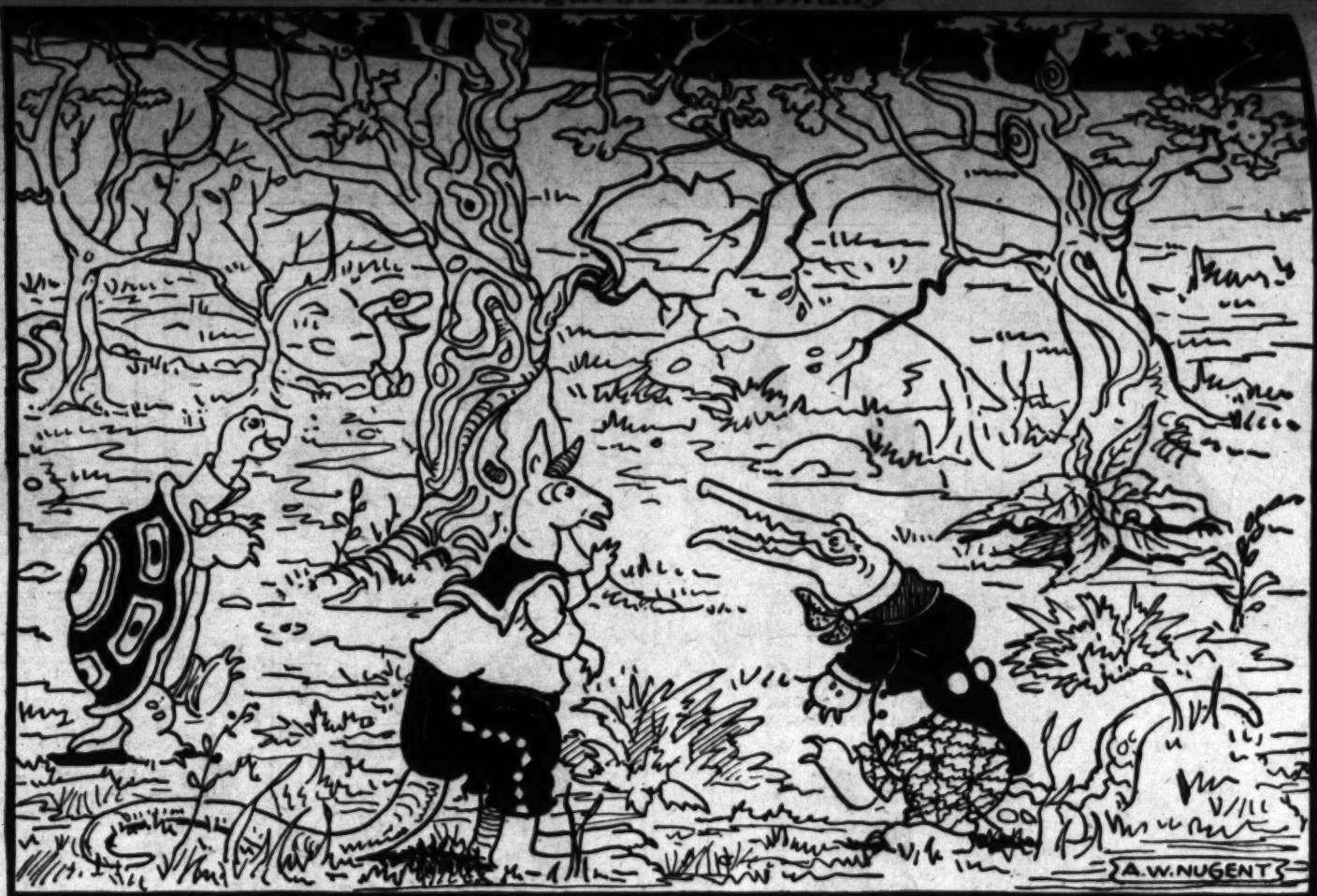
If you need any further information, phone or write The Junior Sales Department, Room 16, Times Building, First and Broadway, Telephone METropolitan 0700, Station 133

It is considered not unlikely that the question would not be so easily settled. However, until some time elapses, it is probable in September that the question will eventuate to Paris. The various Foreign Offices have not yet made up their minds, but no decision has been reached on this point. One of the facts has been signed by the various governments of Spain, it is Secretary of State, in a declaration that it should be signed by all nations in participation will be exchanged with every nation sign. The original signatures of the various governments not participated in, and confirmed by the American diplomatic officers as to the terms of the negotiations and the exchange of the diplomas have been sent to the governments. Spain, it is the first of the governments to have made a commitment to the revised declaration and is the first to make known its attitude.

President Coolidge in a message published on Page 2, Column 1.

THE DAY'S NEWS

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Master Kangaroo is having a birthday party. Two of his guests, Billy Turtle and Johnny Alligator, have already arrived, and Jimmy Snake can be seen in the background hurrying to the doings. But a rabbit and a hen, who were to have been there, too, have not arrived. However, they are hiding in the picture—maybe they are bashful. Can you find them?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

BURIED TREASURE

The coin-moving trick was performed as follows: Mark out seven circles, numbering them from 1 to 7; place pennies on circles, 5, 6 and 7 and nickels on circles 2, 3 and 4; then make them change places by jumping them one at a time to any circle that may be vacant, going to the next circle or over one or two other coins, as you choose. Moves 2-1, 5-2, 3-5, 6-3, 7-6, 4-7, 1-4, 3-1, 6-3, 7-6. This solves the puzzle in ten moves, and if we add each pair of numbers together we will get the succession 3, 7, 8.

9, 13, 11, 5, 4, 9, 13. These letters in the scroll spell **FIRST AND LAST**; take the first and last rows of letters formed by the acrostic, which is answered as follows:

CH
KI
H
O
A
N
R
A
L
V
A
T
E
O
E
V
T
E
R
N
E
D

The first row gives us CHKIH and the last RNEED. Fill these letters in on the square and you can spell out, starting at the letter U, the message "Under the rock to the right of the tree"

can mold a beautiful picture. He has the gift of imagination which helps to make the story real. Bits of philosophy are scattered throughout the pages, but the reader is almost unaware of this. Pathos and humor are portrayed equally well.

After reading this book, the reader has a much better picture of the California so exquisitely described by McGroarty in these words:
 "The mighty mountains o'er it,
 Below, the white seas swirled—
 Just California stretching down
 The middle of the world."

SEEK UNCROWNED SOUTHLAND HEROES

(Continued from Page 2)

ferent kinds of work. Then when evening came he turned to his books and studied far into the night.

His brothers and sisters received the education he hungered for, and pitiful as it may seem, few of them appreciated his sacrifice.

In fact many of them teased him, calling him a pious stick-in-the-mud, etc. Again he made no comment. Tim was loyal and true and well used to suffering.

At the age of 33 he was making \$40 a week in a grocery store. One of his brothers was earning \$200 a month. All of the five who had received an education were making far more than Tim.

Years passed and they outstripped him, feeling sorry for the brother who was too ignorant to forge ahead. Tim remained in his dusty, bleak little store, taking his pleasure as he was able to give it, a stick of candy to some grimy urchin, a bag of groceries to a man out of work with youngsters at home. He had grown old and stoop-shouldered, yet there was a light in his eye that none of his other brothers and sisters possessed. Tim had found himself, tried himself, and never at any time had he been found wanting.

That is what I call an uncrowned hero of the world. We are seeking many more and this contest is being launched for the express purpose of singling out such youngsters as Tim before they grow old and discouraged.

Your part in this Southland canvass for such types is most important. Without your help we will fail. And youth somewhere, crushed, head bowed, will be unable to come into its own.

One, Two, Three

3 1 2

2 1

3

3

3

1 2 1 2

1 3

1 2

2

2

1

A.W. NUGENT

Here is a problem in marking. Can you, by drawing only three straight lines and no more, divide this picture into seven compartments, each containing a 1, a 2 and a 3? The figures need not be of the same size, but only one of each is allowed to be in any compartment. Only three lines, remember, and all three must be straight.

There must be in this very city, thousands of men, successful merchants, retailers, wholesalers, clothiers, furriers, real estate men and women, who have climbed over many obstacles, or they would not be thriving today. Won't you write in and tell us how you accomplished it, what your philosophy has been, when the lucky breaks took place.

Should the bug of laziness interfere, close your eyes and think back to the time when glamorous dreams

tormented your working day, when you hoped, and prayed for a loophole to appear in the dull routine of existence.

Your letter, mailed to us, (names excluded, if you wish) may do this very thing for some struggling boy or girl.

A prize of \$2.50 will be awarded the best "experience" letter in this contest; \$1.50 the second best. Our search for struggling youth will continue indefinitely.

MODEL AIRPLANES THAT FLY

(Continued from Page 6)

one sheet of coarse and fine sandpaper, 2 small glass beads, 2 small copper washers, an old tin can, 2 small cans of Ambroid varnish, 1 small can of Ambroid cement and a few feet of fine, thread-like wire.

Save this description. Next Sunday I'll tell how the fuselage is made.

(Copyright by Percy Pierce)

LITTLE STORIES FOR TINY TOTS

(Continued from Page 3)

This dog comes back every day, gets something to eat, and then goes on his way, either home or to some other house begging at some one else's door. So you see, children, there is more than one kind of tramp.

THE PRAIRIE DOG

By Florence McLaughlin, Age
10 Years, Hawthorne

The prairie dogs live in large settlements called "prairie-dog towns." Their homes are occupied by small wild owls and rattlesnakes besides themselves. The dogs are about as large as a gray gopher. They dig large deep holes for houses and build large high banks around the holes to keep the rain out.

When any other animal or person comes near their settlement, they come out of their holes, sit up and bark, but if anybody comes

OUR CORNER BOOK SHELF

(Continued from Page 2)

velopment of civilization that the intensely human interests and activities of the characters portrayed lend a charm and realism to the story which make it seem at times like a novel instead of a history. The mission padres, the governors, the military leaders, and all the people are no longer lifeless figures in history's hall of fame, but the real human beings that they were. Each and every character is seen from an unbiased viewpoint, and none is made either a saint or an inhuman, emotionless, impossible menace to humanity.

McGroarty's style is characterized by vivid and charming descriptions. In the first chapter of this book he describes the glory and beauty of California. His words are easy to follow, yet his style is by no means very simple. He seems to have the whole English language at his command, and from a few words he